

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 6.]

JUNE, 1863.

[PRICE 1½d.

## A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY.

BY LUCY VELONA.

I HAVE been his wife for seven weeks—Gerald Willis's wife. Perhaps he is all the more to me because my life was so solitary and lonely before I knew him; but be that as it may, I know I love him better than anything else in the whole world, and—may God forgive me!—perhaps better than anything in heaven. But if I love him, I stand in dreadful awe of him too. I always did. My wild love seemed built upon the very fear I felt; and then he was so much above me in a worldly point of view. It is no wonder he always seemed so very far from me. I was only a governess and he such a brilliant scholar—a politician, some call him.

When he came where I was—I was in his uncle's family—we always met as equals. I was very proud and should have met a king thus or not at all, but for a long time I never spoke to him unless he first addressed me. Why should I? We had nothing in common. He was devoted to business. I lived by my hands and must attend to mine. After a while he would sometimes talk to me, but I was very distant and reserved with him. It was my place to be so, I thought, as indeed it was. But for all that, I grew to love him at last. I don't know how it was—can any woman ever tell?—but I never was so foolish as to dream of being his wife. Gerald Willis's wife! No, no. I am proud to-day to say that I did not hope for that. He might have seen that I loved him. I presume he did; though I tried hard to keep it all to myself; for I knew that the very thought of him was wrong. I had lived thus for six

months, happy, supremely happy in my blind worship, without hoping or caring for a return. No woman can live so long. It would not be human. I awoke at last to the knowledge that my soul must receive what it had given. I wanted love, his love. Mad fool that I was, to imagine that proud, stern man would ever care a straw for me! I grew restless, sick, in my despair. I must leave the streets he walked, the air he breathed, or my heart would break with its untold sorrow. I secured a situation in a far-off city and made my arrangement to go to it. I did not weep. Women don't do that who love as I did. Just the night before I was to leave there was a terrible rain, and a large pond above the town broke away, and came rushing down upon us. Some thought by the dreadful noise that the day of judgment had come; others that there was an earthquake; but only a few knew what it really was. In the midst of the horrible roaring, Gerald Willis came running in to where we stood huddled together in speechless terror.

"To the hill for your lives! The pond has given way."

He took my arm without another word, and through the black water, which was already pouring through the streets in torrents, we fled. Once, twice, I was whirled round half way from him, but he held me tightly, and on, on we went, until the hill was gained and we were safe.

"You have saved my life, Mr. Willis," I said, trying to speak very thankfully; though God knows I would rather have died there beside him, than to go out now into my dreary alone.

"Yes," he said quickly, still holding my arm, "and you must pay me for it. Be my wife."



If there was any difference in our positions, I did not think of it then. I only knew that God had put a great gift into my hand, and I accepted it thankfully, as I thought I ought. It was a very strange, dismal place for a betrothal; perhaps the words would never have been spoken if there had been no such danger. I do not know. When the next autumn time came, we were married, and he took me to his sumptuous home. I could hardly get accustomed to being the mistress of so much elegance. It seemed very strange at first; but I tried hard to do my duties as became his wife, and Gerald said I succeeded. What did I care for others, if he was content?

As I began, I have been his wife for seven weeks, and as I stood this rich September morning looking away toward the sky I was thinking of it, and how blessed my present was in comparison with my past. But somehow I felt too, that there was something between me and my husband's heart. He is a singular man, Gerald. Very reserved and stern, sometimes even gloomy and morose. A will as strong as iron, though that is nothing to me, for I am only too glad to bend beneath it. And he is ambitious, too. Any one could see that in his quick step and flashing eye. Perhaps, after all, that is more to him than anything else. It may be that he tolerated my love and asked me to be his wife, because I should be so glad and proud to make a pleasant home for him to wear my life away in serving him if need be. And then I was homeless, and might be thankful to find a resting place. Ah! Gerald, Gerald, you could not have sought me for that. When he asked me to be his wife, I who had never hoped even so much as to touch his hand—I stopped not to question his motives. It was enough that he had said, "Come." But if—he might have some buried love. That would kill me. To know that I must be shut away for ever from his heart. Now I have some hope; but if that were true, I should have none, none.

A year has passed and I—God help me!—have not found my husband's heart. His eye flashes with delight—others cannot see it, perhaps, but I can—when the world applauds, but never for

me. His step is quicker, more elastic than it was a year ago. He has risen higher, and onward! onward! is still his motto. Ambition sleeps close to his heart night and day. I am shut out. Oh, God! I shall go mad if I think much longer. I who love him so idolatrously, who have thrown all else aside in my wild devotion to him, have won nothing in return save a home and my wants supplied. Woe is me! I remember a home that I had years ago, up among the hills. It was a very quiet, beautiful place. Perhaps not in your eyes, reader, but I tell you that here, to-day, surrounded by everything that wealth can purchase, the memory of that old brown house up in the valley is to me a very heaven. But they all died and left me, and the homestead passed into other hands. I went out into the world and toiled for myself, and never since have I found a home. This is no home for me without his love. What do I care for wealth and ease? Better be poor and have to toil, than be rich and have to think! At least when thinking is such a torture as it is to me. Did you ever hear of such a thing as love turning to hate? I may hate him yet. Oh, God forgive me! What am I saying? Hate you, Gerald Willis? Never that.

To-day a strange whim came over me. I wanted to go to my old home, to sleep under the roof that sheltered my infancy. I knew Gerald would not object. He never refused me anything. I sometimes wish he would, though it is very seldom that I ask for any favours.

I mentioned at tea-time what I wanted. "You are so busy, you will not mind me," I said, with a sigh.

"Go if you wish it," he answered. "Let me see," and he put his hand to his pocket, "did Nelson leave my papers here to-day?"

"No," I answered.

"Then I must step down to his office and see him."

He was gone into the world again. His heart is not here. Well, I was ambitious once. Yes, woman though I am, I had dreams of fame once. But I threw them all away for him, for Gerald Willis. I could let them lie in the grave



I digged for them there, but I must have something as well as you, my husband. And fame, is that better than nothing. Is this wicked? Oh, mother! mother! no one is here to tell me. Do you know, sometimes a feeling of such utter indifference comes over me that I actually fear that I shall cease, some day, to care whether anybody loves me or not. Just now I feel so. Well, what is the use in spending all of soul and body in this mad love with no recompense.

I have been here three weeks. I found a good old couple living here, who readily consented to my becoming an inmate of their humble home, when I told them that it was my birth place. No one knows me, of course; and I have seen but one familiar form, the white-haired pastor. I met him yesterday beside my mother's grave. He said so kindly to me: "Did you know her?" pointing to the tombstone, that my heart warmed towards him.

"She was my mother," I replied.

"Your mother? Are you Helen Fairfield?"

"I was," I answered, "Now I am Mrs. Willis."

He laid his hand upon my head. "I can see now that you have your mother's face. Are you living for earth, or, as she did, for heaven?"

"Neither," I answered bitterly. "Earth has failed me, and heaven I lost years ago."

"You must not say that. It is lost to none. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

I shook my head. "He has denied me of all that makes life dear. Shall I love Him for that?"

"Poor child, poor child!" he said slowly. "God is good, for all that. You must come and see my wife. She has a hopeful spirit, and may do you good. She used to think a deal of your mother."

I came back moody and miserable. I almost wish I was back in Gerald Willis's home. I remember how I used to kiss everything his hands had touched. It seems a foolish thing to say, but it only shows how much I idolized him. I have now the stem to a bunch of grapes

that he gave me, and I cannot find it in my heart to throw it away. His touch has made it sacred. Since I have been his wife he has bought me paintings and statuary, has filled his home with costly gifts to me. Alas, alas, if I could but buy his heart! I would go out gladly into the world and live in poverty and obscurity if I might but have that.

I am writing a book. Perhaps for fame, or that *he* may read it and understand me at last. At any rate it gives me something to do—something to drive away these hateful thoughts that follow me like fiends.

I woke from a long, blank dream. My husband sat beside me. "What is it? Have I—?" I rubbed my hand across my forehead, trying in vain to recall the past.

"You have been very sick, and must keep quiet," he said gently.

I had not forgotten my manuscript. Had he seen it?

"Papers? Where are they?"

He looked into my eyes. Neither of us spoke; but in that moment—thank God!—I found my husband. Mine—mine now for ever more, for from such meetings as that souls do not, cannot part. What do I care for the long black past? I am no longer an unloved wife, no longer an alien without a home. Let others talk of fame. I crave it not. Let others live for the world. I will live for you, my husband. Your frowns are nothing. Your sternness I do not dread. Beside your ambition has arisen love, and in the shadow of that I live henceforth content.

#### LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

NOTHING is more true than that the happiness and the true success of life often depend upon little things. God is as admirable and perfect in his least works as in his mightiest, finishes up as wonderfully the minute sting of a bee, as the sky-piercing needle of Mont Blanc. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the fact that the microscope, which reveals the little, shows us along vistas and corridors of exceeding beauty and perfection of detail, as truly as the telescope,



which conducts us through the glowing pathway of the sky, and amid the serene order and sublimity of the Milky Way. We are to take pattern in this as in other things, from our Divine Head and Father, and study to be perfect in all our ways, in the least as well as the greatest.

Seeds are little things, but they are very exquisite things, and out of their beautiful hearts come wondrous growths of shoot, and blade, and stalk, and leaf, and blossom, and the full corn in the ear. Our thoughts, and our actions, too, are seeds; and if they are perfect—not marred, not rotten with deceit or wrong, but every whit sound—they germinate with lovely outgrowths of life and character, deeds of duty, deeds of mercy, deeds of use and help, that make the beholder exclaim, Wonderful! beautiful! How far the little candle of their virtues shines in a naughty world, and how it cheers many drooping eyes and fainting hearts! Once the “Man of Ross” was but a tiny little boy; but he went on adding to his faith virtue, and piling up grain by grain, and sand by sand, the aggregate of a humane and benevolent character, and at last, he becomes a thoroughly good and helpful man; then he shines in a few feeling verses of Pope’s “Essay on Man,” and then he shines round the globe—shines into two hemispheres, and shines down the track of eternal ages, all with that little lamp of brightly shining, warmly Christian heart of his; so potent is even frail human goodness, and so marvellously does character tell on the world, stubborn and hard-hearted though it be! “Line upon line, here a little and there a little.”

Our Saviour says, “Despise not one of these little ones.” He refers it to persons; we may refer it to all things. Despise not little virtues, little habits, little sins, little words, little feelings, little thoughts. When Sir Isaac Newton, a young man, barely of age, was sitting in his garden, he saw an apple fall. It was a little apple, and its fall was a little thing, and the observation of its fall was but a trifle. But the great mind followed up the little clue to a grand result, and lo! the whole order of the planetary and stellar world stood revealed by this insignificant incident of the fall of an

apple. From that day forward, all men, from Europe and round to Japan, and down to Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, became, and are becoming versed in the plan of the Almighty Architect of the skies, because this one man did not despise one of these little ones, but followed out the fugitive suggestion, thought over the great, wise thoughts of God, and laid hold thereby of an everlasting law of the universe.

It was said to be the secret of the success of Napoleon, that while he conceived great plans, he was attentive to the slightest particulars. He never left anything to chance. He did not win, as is generally supposed, by lucky hits, but by having everything ready; by seeing that preparation was made for every contingency; by having his artillery, and cavalry, and infantry, and all their appointments and details, carefully and perfectly made; and then, when all was prepared, launching his whole force like a thunderbolt into action. His good fortune was simply better calculation. And when, at last, he began to fail, and the bright bubble of his glory burst, it was because he grew careless, took counsel of rashness, and trusted more to luck and chance.

He that offends in one point is guilty of the whole law. For, if only one plank in your boat is rotten, it will let in the river and sink your craft, just as inevitably as if the whole were rotten. One soldier in a fortress, though but one, can just as fatally betray it to the enemy as if twenty scores were concerned in the treason.

We forget in what a fruitful, suggestive, seed-bearing, sympathetic world we live and lay our hand upon. How good multiplies, and how evil multiplies! How filaments and shoots start out from our centres, and radiate up and down, right and left, forward and backward, and reach to the sun, to the stars, to eternity, in their infinite and majestic sweep.

Nothing is ever forgotten. Nothing is ever lost. Nothing is too small to have its effect. Words, deeds, feelings, fancies, whims, speculations, talks, dreams, as well as principles, lessons, truths, all go to weave that wondrous whole which we call character. There is a recording



angel that writes down the whole, and that angel is not sitting far up aloft in the skies. He sits and sings, if the entry is good; or he sits and groans and weeps, if the entry to be made is foul and ill, in the confines of our own breast. The most fugitive thoughts, the swiftest gleams of fancy, the faintest quivers of the heart-strings, can not escape his bright eye and deftly recording pen. Down it goes, good or bad, sorry or glad, the lie, the sin, the impurity, the hard-heartedness—it is a sadly-mottled book; but what covers its infinitely varied and spotted pages, each day a page, is not great things—battles, sieges, coronations, shipwrecks, deaths, crimes, bankruptcies—but little things, mere sands and grains in life's hour-glass, but together making up the good or bad of life and character.

The ever-urged, ever-living lesson of Christ is, despise not the little, the trivial, the common-place; gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. Life is made up of moments; be faithful in each one. God prizes the seconds so high that he gives us but one at a time. The floor of the humblest hut is strewn with gold dust, had we but the diligence and skill to pick it up. Lying all around us are the fragments of diamonds, had we but the economy that turns everything into use. The world is infinitely rich, and the poorest life is endowed with an ample fortune in the shape of opportunities.

The capacities of life for happiness and virtue are unbounded. Given fidelity, and we can make a heaven. Given faith and prayer, and love to God and man, and we can extract sunshine out of the darkest lots, and make gold out of the stones of the street. The order is: 1. Know the laws of our Father's love. 2. Love and cherish them as expressions of his goodness. 3. Obey them, not reluctantly, as slaves through fear, but gladly and heartily, as children through love. 5. Reap the bright and blessed reward.

We know not what is great, or what is little in this world. We only know that to do right and to do good, even in the humblest particulars are coupled, by an adamant chain of cause and effect, with eternal good; that the earth

springs with the fount of happiness, wherever we bore it deep enough in faith and diligence to reach it.

The work we put into outward things—fields, ships, houses, food, clothing, books—is here to-day and gone to-morrow; all fleeting and phenomenal; but the spirit in which we work lasts when the work is no more. We engrave by every needle's prick, by every step and word and feeling, beauty or ugliness upon the carved and sculptured man within us, or shaping to the eternal form of Christ's loveliness, or leaving him rent and mis-shapen with the deformities of sin. Every man is cutting his own image. Be it the image of God and Christ, bright with eternal beauty—instant with the life and love of God in the soul of man.—*Christian Inquirer.*

#### A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

*Adelaide Anne Procter.*



## THE WICKED IN HELL.

SAID a man to the writer on a certain occasion when much excited in discussion, "Sir, the Bible declares that 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'"

I replied, I am aware of what the Bible *says* on this subject, but the question is, what does it *teach*. You say that this hell into which the wicked shall be turned, is an eternity, and is the place of the damned.

So I once believed and said, and I was very wretched in my belief. But I subsequently learned my mistake and was very happy. Now look. And notice first, how positive and emphatic is the declaration of David here: "The wicked *shall* be turned into hell!" There is no way of escape. Now, sir, were you ever wicked? and if so, were you turned into eternity? Not at all. You have committed many sinful deeds during your lifetime, unquestionably. But you have no fears of supporting the pains of eternal torments because of these offences.

"Certainly not," he answered, "because, heaven be praised, I have repented of those sins—I have turned to God with full purpose of heart."

Very well, I answered. And thus, you see, according to your comprehension of the subject, a man *may* be wicked and *not be turned into hell*. But don't that contradict David? Notice again, *he* says, positively and absolutely, "The wicked **SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL**;" and I prefer to believe what *he* says. But notice, he does not affirm what you take for granted, viz: that this hell is in the immortal world. On the contrary, he declares that his own steps "took hold on hell," and even that he had been in hell, and had been delivered.

The word hell, in this text, is *sheol*, a word which signifies, *literally*, the grave, but, *figuratively*, a state of sin, sorrow, darkness, and trouble, similar to that David had experienced when he exclaimed, "Great is Thy mercy toward me, O Lord, for *thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell*!" His soul had been in hell, even the *lowest*, and had been delivered, and yet he was still living in this world. He explains what he means: "I found sorrow and trouble."

Now, every man finds sorrow and trouble when in the paths of wickedness. This is *your* experience, sir, I have no doubt. "Sin is hell." "The way of the transgressor is hard;" and, "There is no peace to the wicked saith my God"—and God knows this to be true or he would not have said it. The guests of the wicked woman are represented as *being in the depths of hell (sheol)*—Prov. ix. 18. Condemnation always rests on wicked individuals. "Righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Oh, how true are these words. The Jewish nation was often turned into hell; and the people of this nation have been on the road to hell for a very long time. Great sins and corruptions in high places have brought it down almost into the depths of hell, but like the wicked David, when he turned to God in righteousness, we have great hope it will yet be delivered, and made to sing a new song, even "praise to the Living God."

Reader, young or old, remember always the positive words of this text. "The wicked **SHALL** be turned into hell." There is no escape. If you would keep out of hell, keep out of wickedness.

## A KINGDOM BY THE FIRESIDE.

I AM a king in my own domain,  
And my little wife is queen;  
And jointly over our realms we reign—  
A royal couple, I ween.  
Beauty and grace are the robes that flow  
From her lily shoulders down;  
The gems of truth on her bosom glow,  
And love is her golden crown.  
But her dainty hands are brown with toil,  
Her cheeks with the breezes' kiss,  
And she works for a tiller of the soil,  
As if work for him was bliss.  
I am the king and the tiller, too—  
My farm is my proud domain;  
And the will to dare, and the strength to do,  
Are the sceptres of my reign.  
At my touch the teeming earth yields up  
Her wealth for my least and store;  
The nectar of health brims high my cup,  
My measure of bliss runs o'er.  
Oh! ne'er was a happier realm, I ween,  
Than ours 'neath the arching sky;  
And never a happier king and queen  
Than my little wife and I.



## KNOWLEDGE AND ITS USE.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* relates the following incident as illustrating the difference between the mere man of knowledge, who leaves the world just as he found it, and the one who "adds to the uses and embellishments of life" by putting to practical use the ideas which are borne into his mind:

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colours of his neighbour's flowers.

"Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes."

Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said he, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!"

The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly."

"Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my lord, three years ago master sent me to Lunnion on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews; what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter there too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal; go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and especially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our

village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine-dresser in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly poor vineyard one of the best in all these parts simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkle of charcoal will brighten up a flower bed.' The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants I'd better make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners,' so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And after I picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It was a lucky chance that I ever heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s



gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy that he had discovered a secret in what is so well-known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I cannot say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbour of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will still make a better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish pains with the training and education of a man of genius, whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says "ben't" and "his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

**THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.**—John Newton was speaking of the death of a lady. "Oh, sir," said a young lady, "how did she die?" "There is a more important question," said Newton, "which you should have asked first—*How did she live?*"

## MORE ZEAL! MORE ZEAL!!

WE are glad to record the fact that every year witnesses still more zeal among us as a religious body. It is true we have no great awakenings, we have no sudden and transient revivals, that warm us up, and leave us again more cold than ever; but we cannot fail to observe the steady growth of devotion among our churches to the great cause of religious truth we have espoused; and this is marked by a general prosperity throughout our whole denomination. Still there is a demand everywhere for "more zeal." We are glad it is so. We rejoice our people are not satisfied with the first fruits of earnest effort, and we trust, that the deeper interest felt for the promotion of the doctrines we hold so dear, will stir us all up to greater energy for the success of "the faith that was once delivered to the saints."

Our object in these few words is to counsel our readers that we relax no effort to which we have put our hands, and to aim to quicken up the life of our churches to the duty they owe to the truth they possess, the opportunities they enjoy, and the spirit of the age in which they exist. As a previous article in our paper has shown how much knowledge can be possessed by a learned man, and how little fruit arises from it; and again, how a single fact can be used by a poor and humble man, to the advantage of the world—so as a church we possess God's truth, but the mere possession of it may only at some future day overwhelm us all with shame without we employ it, spread it, make it the practice of our lives. Just as existence and life may be two very different things—so the possession of truth and the employment of it, may be as widely different. One moment of life is worth a whole eternity of mere existence—so a single wholesome truth put into daily practice, is worth more than all knowledge lying dormant in the brain.

In view of reflections like these, we all feel how much need there is of wisely directed and energetic effort to spread our religious truths. And frequently does it happen that the warmth of one begets a kindred heat in many. The life



of one church tends to quicken up a host of useful agencies, and the flame of truth and goodness burning bright and clear, burns up dross, hardness, and dullness of society, and recasts the popular will and life of the world into a new and more heavenly mould. Persevering energy and undaunted constancy, which are only zeal the constancy of enthusiasm, in the end wins the victory, bears down all opposition, overleaps all obstructions, grasps the prize. Such is the spirit that has renovated society, and blessed the world. We all need more of this spirit.

If we could clearly see the victories won by this zeal, and patience, the sight would add fresh energy to our lives. How some very useful legislative enactments have been procured through the devotion of one man. How a great state has been preserved by a sincere and active patriot who took upon him the salvation of his country. How a new dispensation, fruitful with all that enriches life, has been established by the devotion and self-sacrifice of one spirit. How coldness has been changed to warmth, how languor has been aroused to activity, how indifference has been stirred up to devotion, how the apathetic have been made to rise from their sleep and worthlessness, all through the infusion of a little more zeal, energy, and perseverance among men.

There are many good people who mourn their lack of zeal, they feel they are lukewarm, they remember days that are gone, when they had more earnest and active life. Their first love has passed away, and they are not so happy now as they were then. We could not profess to lay down any maxims that would bring back the energy and fire of youth, yet we believe that a few useful hints may be given for the increase of zeal among us.

In the first place let us clearly understand what we intend to accomplish. Let us have a specific, a truly useful, a well defined purpose in view—this will greatly help us. There is no good in marching into the battle of life without the reason why. All such efforts are transient, and as likely in the end to be wrong as right. Zeal without knowledge is always blundering. Take counsel

before you go into action. Have a clear plan—then act. Have a good object in view. We sincerely believe that no christian church or community of men has a more noble task to perform than we. We are banded together for a most specific and glorious cause, the promotion of pure religion in our own hearts and homes, and among all mankind. We labour for the restoration of the christian religion to its pristine simplicity and godliness. We aim the re-establishment of the church on the basis of Christ's own teaching. We vindicate the rights of conscience, and the exaltation of love to God and love to man above all other doctrines. If you keep those things in view, surely we have a cause enough to excite us all to zeal. A life devoted to the success of those principles cannot be an aimless, unworthy, or a cold and undevout life. We fear those who are unzealous among us, are so, because they do not apprehend the interests involved in our church life. We call upon our readers to live for a good and specific purpose, not to fritter life away in idle or worse than idle pursuit. Let us impress this great truth upon our souls, that life is a serious thing—that its possession involves vast responsibilities. Have a religious purpose, grand, inspiring, and devout, and you will not have to complain of a want of zeal. You will be stirred up with a warmth that will comfort you and comfort others. The heavenly flame of enthusiasm will enlighten and brighten your life. If you never thought of a specific purpose in life before—have it now. A firmly fixed and settled plan that you will not live in vain, and that you will make some sacrifice to carry out this high conviction of your soul.

Yes, this is a second means of involving zeal and gaining success, a willingness to make some sacrifice, to evince your devotion, begets a still deeper devotion in your life. We must make a sacrifice, and those who are most unwilling to do this, are the most unsuccessful in the end. We must sow in tears that we may reap in joy. Selfishness is cold worldly mindedness, and meets with the misfortunes it deserves. Shut yourself up in the hard shell of self, and you dis sever your life from the asso-



ciations that would give it success. A seed cast into the ground is sacrificed, it fuses with the common elements, it goes to dust and loses for a time its proper individuality. But here is the philosophy of its success—it takes of the kindred element around it by fusing with them, and becomes a beautiful plant, a noble tree. It assimilates with the dust, and thus forms its union with what very quickly builds up a magnificent spectacle of reward. So with life, the life of each of us, especially our church life, we must be willing to show our zeal, not by the self-seeking spirit, but the spirit of self-denial. Willing to live or die, to be broken, dissolved, accounted nothing, for the success of the good cause, and the good cause will prevail. Bring your mind to this to cast off every detriment to religious duty, and to bear any cross for the triumph of truth and righteousness—and a feeling will come over you, the power and joy thereof neither man nor angel can describe to you.

Finally, we must work as well as wish, if we want a renewal of our own zeal. The way to zeal is just like the way to holiness, like the way to heaven; work, work, work. It is not by wanting to be this or that, it is not by mourning we are not this or that, but by rising and doing what we think should be done. Seed is planted in the ground by the zealous husbandman, the soil is softened and enriched, and all is made to bear fruit by continual watchfulness and care, which imply work. The world loves sincerity, admires devotion, extols perseverance, adores moral heroism, is drawn by self-sacrifice, is won and conquered by zeal. Let us put forth renewed efforts to promote the highest of all interests, and the best of all systems of religion—the christianity found in the gospels.

### COALS OF FIRE ON THE HEAD.

JOE's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cave where his boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beauti-

ful little boat, which Cousin Herbert had given him, with its gay sails split into a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with a face as red as a penny, he burst forth,—“I know who did it,—the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for this caper,” said little Joe, through his set teeth; and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of string across the foot path, a few inches from the ground, he hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking! instead of Fritz, it was Cousin Herbert, the very last person he cared to see, and hastily unfastened his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left, he soon came upon little Joe.

“How's this?” cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. “You're not ashamed to tell me what you were doing?”

“No, I'm not,” said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; “I'll just tell you the whole story;” and out it came, down to the closing threat, “and I mean to make Fritz smart for it!”

“What do you mean to do?”

“Why you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash 'em all.”

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit; and he muttered to himself, “Now for a good scolding;” but to his great surprise, Cousin Herbert said quietly, “Well, I think Fritz does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that.”

“What?” cried Joe eagerly.

“How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?” “What, and burn him?” said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands.

“Now that's just the thing, Cousin



Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off: but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it quick!"

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink. For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," said Cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly,—“But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they can't at all.”

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish,—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah! well I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your own coal; and be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns so brightly and so long;" and with a cherry whistle Cousin Herbert sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other.

For one moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over

the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read everything I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast; but after a moment he looked up with a great effort and said,—“I did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books?"

"Well I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Fritz couldn't get any farther, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal does burn; and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine;" and little Joe took three more summer-saults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said; for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life.—  
*Helps over Hard Places.*



# INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF THE REV. R. COLLYER, UNITARIAN MIN- ISTER, OF CHICAGO.

TWELVE years ago last April, I went with a blooming Yorkshire lassie to a Methodist chapel among the hills, and we said some homely old words to the minister and to God about what we meant to do, and so in a few moments had woven the chain that was to be of ever fresh flowers, or of iron, as time and our own soul's texture should make it, and kissing each one both our mothers, who sat still and white and weeping, we turned away from the little valley where we had nestled all our lives and started to seek a new home in a new world. How well I remember, as I stand here, the feelings and emotions that crowded upon me on that Saturday night, when I stood just here and just landed, a stranger in a strange land. Except the little woman who clung to my side, I knew not one soul on all the great continent; and except the face of her husband, every face was strange to her. It was a great venture. We had never left the nest until we left it so utterly; but we were full of a trust as simple and direct as that of the old time, "when one went out not knowing whither he went." Our grey-headed class-leader had cried out through his tears when we met him for the last time, "Lord, if thy presence go not with them, carry them not up hence;" and we felt sure that his prayer would be regarded. Yet I remember how I longed on that Saturday night on the crowded wharf, and in the poor lodging which our small means and careful fear compelled us to creep into—oh! so different to the bright old Yorkshire homes—to see some one face that I had ever seen before, and hear one man say, *You are welcome*. And I have wondered many a time since then, whether there is not a hint in those words of the Master, "I will come again and take you to myself," that touches some such feeling respecting that other and still more wonderful removal by-and-by. Will our dearest friend—the one that is as near to us as the Master was to John—be drawn, by some great attraction, as we cross the shining river, to meet us, and welcome us, and save us from feeling that we are strangers? I hope so. It seems a formidable thing now to go out alone, without even the little woman. But I suppose I shall feel different when the real time comes, it will be all right then, as it is all right for ripe fruit to fall. Ripe fruit does not die; it is gathered. And a ripe man is like ripe fruit. The result of his life is for the nurture of the world. The shining seed is planted again in a better world. "He that liveth and believeth in me (that is liveth right) shall never die." A woman in her strong prime came to me lately, with a troubled face, and said, "I am afraid of death." I said, "I am glad you are; so would a green apple be, if it could think as you do. You will not be afraid of death if you live forty years more as you are living now; death then will be lost in victory, as it is in ripened fruit."

There was one charge the Yorkshire folk laid strongly upon us: "Hold on to your money as

long as you can. From the moment you touch land in New York, and the Americans see that you are strangers, they will cheat you on all sides." The man who kept our lodging was Yorkshire. He did not seem very honest, but I felt that I was a match for that sort of cheat. The wife fell sick almost as soon as we got ashore, and I went into Broadway to get some medicine. Of course I was sure to be cheated. The drug-gist looked like a pleasant man; but I said, "That is his way of doing it." He got me what I wanted, folded it nicely; and I said with a quaver, "How much?" A smile rippled over the man's face; he said, "You are just landed, I see. You are very welcome to the medicine." And I went away feeling that upon the whole I *was* cheated.

I am very glad to find Mr. Thackeray pleading with us that we recognize more deeply this great idea of Providence. He makes Philip and Charlotte into a beautiful illustration of it. They are troubled on every side, but when it comes to the last pinch, there is sure to be this other power, in the form of nurse, or old doctor, or rich M.P., or cockney publisher, to open a door of hope in the valley of Baca. Is not every life so guided? Thank you, dear Pen. Words so genuine, out of such a soul as yours, will be more to the world than the bellowsings of a thousand Spurgeons. If I have learned one lesson well in this new world, it is this lesson—that He is not far from every one of us. What should I have done when my Charge got worse. Had I money to hire a splendid chamber in a beautiful bright street, and engage the services of a lady like that to wait on her? Did I seek that chamber and nurse? How was it that the heart of that gentleman was opened to an appeal we never made? What made him say, "You must come to my house;" and what made his noble wife nurse the lonely sufferer as if she was a daughter, when we would have been glad to go into their kitchen, and thankful for the services of their poorest servant? I think the Yorkshire folk had a new wrinkle about the Americans when my letter reached them.

Is this Providence merely like that power that sends healthy blood down every veinlet in a healthy body, and turns all the forces of life to rescue the bruised and wounded limb, or is it more than even that? I was puzzling over the question one Sunday morning, as I stood among the flowers in my little garden, trying to get at the logic of Providence, that I might say some decent thing about it on Sunday. And I noticed, as the sun grew hot, how one bud on a plant began to droop and suffer, and a leaf on the same stem came over and covered it a little with its shadow. I tried to turn the leaf back, but there was no shadow of turning. Its law was deep, certain, ponderous, as the law that guides the sun. Then I said, Oh my Father! help me to believe that if this leaf can be as the wing of an angel to shelter this mite of a building, how much more shall man, thy chiefest work, be guided through the dark night, and sheltered through the fierce noon, until he unfolds to glory and beauty eternally!"



## MOSES MENDELSSOHN.

THE life of Moses Mendelssohn is a striking instance of the achievement of distinction in the face of great obstacles. At the time of his birth, in 1729, prejudice against the Jews existed in Europe, with all the bitterness which had been engendered by the fierce religious controversies of the three previous centuries, and by the traditions of the middle ages. Though this prejudice was less bitter at Berlin than elsewhere, even there the Jews were of a degraded caste—held to be not only theologically, but intellectually inferior to Christians. They were thought to be miserable beings, whom no amount of tuition could raise to a level with the rest of mankind. In some parts of Germany, at this time, it was seriously believed that the Jews were in the habit of slaughtering their children at their festivals. Even after Mendelssohn had attained position and fame, the behaviour of the populace to him and his family was such as to call out this complaint:

"In this so-called tolerant land I feel myself so confined, am so hemmed in on all sides by thorough intolerance, that, for the sake of my children, I am compelled to remain shut up all day in a silk manufactory. Sometimes in the evening I go out with my wife and children. 'Papa,' says one of the innocents, 'what is that boy shouting after us? Why are they flinging stones at us? What harm have we done them?' 'Yes, dear papa,' says another; 'they pursue us in the streets, and say, 'Jews! Jews!' Is it, then, so disgraceful to be a Jew?'"

Not only was the Christian world in this manner closed to him; he found bitter opposition to his literary aspirations at home and among his own people. The feelings entertained by the Europeans toward the Jews were fully reciprocated by them. The slightest tendency towards catholicity of feeling was regarded by them as rank heresy; and no sect has exceeded the Jews in the zeal with which they have punished heresy. To talk correct German, even, was almost enough to excommunicate any one from the pale of Jewish society. To write it and publish it was enough to lead these people to look upon the offender as a renegade and traitor. A double barrier was thus opposed to any one who might wish to cultivate knowledge.

In the face of these double difficulties, Mendelssohn, without wealth or influence, being a mere day-labourer in a silk factory, undertook to enter the field of German literature. Gradually, through unremitting industry, his talents surmounted the barriers which surrounded him, and he secured the friendship of the notables of the land. Not least among his friends was Lessing, with whom he was very intimate, and Lavater, who tried to convert him to Christianity. Nor was he finally unsuccessful in gaining the confidence of his own people. When they found that he was in favour in high places, and was able and disposed to obtain for them privileges they had not before enjoyed, notwithstanding that many of his doctrines were shocking to their prejudices, they found it easy to overcome his transgressions and to pay to

him the regard which his merits had earned from them.

A dialogue in *Phædon*, in which some tendencies toward a belief in Christianity were thought to have been discovered, led some persons to undertake his conversion. But these efforts met with no success. His views of religion were peculiar. Judaism, he believed, was not revealed religion, but a revealed code, presupposing a simple, natural religion, and consisting entirely of laws, precepts, and rules of life which express the will of the Deity with respect to one particular race. Faith, in the ordinary sense, did not belong to this system. But the Jew might think as he pleased on religious matters, while he was bound to a strict compliance with the ceremonial law.

The looseness as to religious belief expressed in this system of thought, led to the mistaken supposition that Mendelssohn was a proper subject for conversion.

His death, which occurred in 1786, was the signal for a general demonstration of regret, in which his literary enemies joined. A man who had done so much, under circumstances of such extreme difficulties—who had shone as one of the stars of an important literary epoch—who had commanded the esteem of all who knew him by his amiability and unblemished integrity—could not fail to be regarded with respect when the heat of controversy had passed away. The people of his own nation have long ceased to look upon him otherwise than as a benefactor. On the day of his burial, the Jews, not only of Berlin, but other German cities, kept their shops closed; and, in 1829, the centenary of his birthday was celebrated with great solemnity in the capital of Prussia.

## OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY REV. H. A. REID.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And over the river of fear,  
We leap, we fly, and touch the sky,  
And feel its music near,  
And never more its tingling tide  
Shall warn, inspiring faith from shivering hope  
divide,  
Or mar my vision clear.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And over the river of fear,  
Where never more its shadowy shore  
May teem with many a fright of dark, mysterious  
lore,  
To build a terror on where none might yet  
appear:  
No more its phantom forms may glide  
Into my soul, into my side—  
River of darkling mists, river of shadowy fear.

Out of the night, into the light,  
And through the golden day,  
Follow we on, all bars despite,  
To feel the quickening beams of the Sun of Truth  
so bright,  
And plant our feet where angels greet  
All up the shining way:



To learn sweet lessons of love divine,  
 To see what virtues brightest shine,  
 To read what hopes are yours, are mine,  
 And read the rules of heaven in many a golden line  
 All up the shining way;  
 Where Life, and Love, and Truth their seat  
 Of happiness have built complete;  
 Where every soul of man may find a welcome  
 sweet,  
 All up the shining way.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 And down the aisle of years,  
 Behold the lofty, lifted height  
 Of Freedom's pearly temple, imperaled with  
 martyr's tears.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 And down the aisle of years,  
 The ages, rolling still, must roll  
 A flood of life, a flood of soul  
 From burning tropic line to either frigid pole,  
 That, rising on the golden wave of progress,  
 now appears,  
 And blend in joy the mingling whole  
 Of many a lovely life, of many a saviour soul,  
 Of many a martyr-spirit pure  
 That shines, a sacred cynosure,  
 All down the aisle of years.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 Along the path of hope,  
 I see them pass in angel white,  
 Robes of soothing, soft delight,  
 Spirits of men, spirits of women, tried and  
 faithful found,  
 Never more to grieve and grope,  
 Through darkling doubt's eclipse of hope,  
 Or creed's uncertain sound.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 From every land they come,  
 Of races red, and black, and white,  
 Whom God's eternal wisdom, justice, truth, right,  
 Have given in heaven a home.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 And o'er the silvery road,  
 We walk the way of love's delight,  
 To where the lamp is burning bright  
 Of living trust in God,  
 And heavenly vision fills the sight  
 With fields of glory teeming, beaming all abroad;  
 Where spiritual freedom, born of beauteous  
 spiritual love,  
 With angels hath abode:  
 Happy in the realms and spheres above  
 Far up the silvery road.  
 Out of the night, into the light,  
 And into the garden of God,  
 Where love-beams every spirit warm,  
 Where clouds may never burst in storm,  
 Where joy is felt in holiest form,  
 But never wrath or rod:  
 We come with joyful haste; we leap, we run, we rise  
 And leave behind the bitter taste  
 Of earth's unhappiness, to waste  
 And mingle with the sod;  
 For bands of angels, stooping from the skies,  
 And loved ones gone before, with love-light in  
 their eyes,  
 Come whispering near the heart, the ear,  
 And light the way to happiness and God.

## HEALTHFUL OBSERVANCES.

1. To eat when you do not feel disposed is brutal—nay, this is a slander on the lower animals; they do not so debase themselves.
2. Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a watcher or nurse until you feel almost exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient toward yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.
3. Do not sleep in any garment worn during the day.
4. Most grown persons are unable to sleep soundly and refreshingly, over seven hours in summer, and eight in winter; any attempt to force more sleep on the system by a nap in the daytime, or a "second nap" in the morning, renders the whole of the sleep disturbed and imperfect.
5. Some of the most painful "stomach aches" are occasioned by indigestion; this generates wind, and hence distension. It is often promptly remedied by kneading the abdomen with the ball of the hand skin to skin, from one side to another, from the lower edge of the ribs downward, because the accumulated air is forced on and outward along the alimentary canal.
6. When you return to your house from a long walk or other exhaustive exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink.
7. In going into a colder atmosphere keep the mouth closed, and walk with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness.
8. Two pair of thin stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness than both.
9. The "night sweats" of disease come on towards daylight; their deathly clamminess and coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single, loose, long woollen shirt.
10. The man or woman who drinks a cup of strong tea or coffee or other stimulant in order to aid in the better performance of any work or duty, public or private, is a fool, because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got—it is using power in advance, and this can never be done, even once, with impunity.
11. The less a man drinks of anything in hot weather the better, for the more we drink the more we want to drink, until even ice-water palls and becomes of a metallic taste; hence the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night.
12. Drinking largely at meals, even of cold water or simple teas, is a mere habit, and is always hurtful. No one should drink at any one meal more than a quarter of a pint of any liquor, even of cold water, for it always retards, impairs, and interferes with a healthful digestion.
13. If you sleep at all in the daytime it will interfere with the soundness of your sleep at night, much less if the nap be taken in the forenoon.
14. A short nap in the daytime may be



necessary to some. Let it not exceed ten minutes; to this end, sleep with the forehead resting on a chair back, or edge of the table.

15. Never swallow an atom of food while in a passion, or if under any great mental excitement, whether of a depressing or elevating character; brutes won't do it.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### IS THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY CONTAINED IN THE BIBLE; OR IS IT THE INVENTION OF MAN?

It is of the first importance to every man to examine the foundation of his Religious opinions; to weigh well the evidences of those doctrines which he professes to have received from the scriptures. It is well for us, each to ask himself: "Have I received my religious opinions from the Bible, or have I imbibed them from education, and without examination adopted the system of fallible men? Am I an accountable being, a moral agent? Is it to God, the great searcher of hearts, and judge of all, that I must give an account? Then what is man, that I should be influenced by his authority, and neglect the solemn commands of God?" Let us consider well these things, and attend to them with the greatest seriousness.

It is a fact that there are many opinions and practices in the religious world, which have no other foundation than human authority. The doctrine of the Trinity has been long maintained by professing Christians as a doctrine of the Scriptures, and its propagation has been effected by human laws; and pains, penalties, and death, have been inflicted by all the governments of Europe, on those who questioned its truth and importance as a part of the Christian system. And though in the present day, the bloody edicts of former periods are not put in execution, yet there is a spirit existing which is ready to call for fire from Heaven, and the sword of state too, on the heads of those who deny the doctrine of Three Persons in one God; or in other words, who refuse to acknowledge that the doctrine of the Trinity is a doctrine of the Bible.

The only way to settle this point is by a careful attention to the scriptures. Let them be searched, and their testimony weighed with seriousness and deliberation.

The general tenor of the Scripture is in favour of the doctrine of the Divine Unity. The precept repeatedly impressed upon the people of the Jews, is, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is ONE LORD." This Jesus Christ calls the first and great commandment of all. The Israelites were prohibited, under the severest penalties, from having any other God besides Jehovah the God of Israel. They were not to form to themselves even in figure or idea, any other being as the object of adoration. The doctrine of the UNITY of God is either positively asserted or plainly implied in about 2,000 passages of the Old Testament, and in 1,000 of the New Testament, and in all the Bible there is but one text which contains anything like a formal statement of the doctrine of the Trinity (John v. 7), and *that text* is allowed by learned

Roman Catholic writers, by Bishops of the Protestant Church of England, and by Orthodox Dissenters of different denominations, to be *spurious*, as it is *not* to be met with in any Greek copy of the New Testament of any credit. Must we not from this infer that the doctrine is not of Divine Revelation? Yet I may, perhaps, be reminded that in Gen. i. 26, the Divine Being is represented as saying "Let us make man;" and that in some other places he is also represented as speaking in the plural number. If we regard it, however, as any more than a form of speech, which, in the Hebrew (the language in which the Old Testament was written), denotes grandeur and sublimity; which form of speech is also used by the monarchs of this world; we might with as much propriety suppose the number to be 100 or 1,000, as *three*; and if the Doctrine of the Trinity be contained in such passages as these, or anywhere else in the Old Testament, why have the Jews been strict Unitarians through all the periods of their history down to the present day?—And how is it that Jesus and his Apostles never once mentioned this doctrine, nor referred to these Jewish Scriptures as containing it?

The doctrines taught by Jesus and his Apostles were plain and easy to be understood by the bulk of mankind.—In these we find nothing of those mysterious doctrines which the Orthodox call fundamental. Read the history of the life and ministry of Jesus Christ, by the four Evangelists, and say, if you can find the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity ever even hinted at. Read the Acts of the Apostles: follow them in their travels—and preaching, in the different nations to which they went as messengers of Salvation to a sinful world—say, Do you find the Doctrine of the Trinity in Unity ever proclaimed by them, or even alluded to in any of their sermons? Is it not more agreeable to reason, and the general tenor of the New Testament, to understand it, as initiating them into the faith of the Gospel, which proclaims One God, the Father of all; and Jesus the messenger of his grace; and the operations of divine power which accompanied the preaching of Christ and his Apostles, called the Spirit of God, or the Holy Spirit; than to suppose that *THREE distinct Divine Beings, or Persons*, were intended as *objects of supreme worship and adoration*? Search the Scriptures and see if these things are so. Look to the conduct of the Apostles, and see how they executed this commission. Peter, upon witnessing the conversion of Cornelius and his friends, said, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized?" And he commanded them to be baptized, not in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but in the "name of the Lord Jesus." Acts x. 47, 48. We read in Acts xix. 5, that certain disciples at Ephesus, being instructed by Paul more fully in the principles of the Christian religion, were baptized in the "name of the Lord Jesus," the messenger of God, the Messiah.

As, then, there appears no foundation for this Doctrine in the Bible, the conclusion is evident, it is *solely* the invention of men, and rests on human authority. Reader examine the Bible, and judge for thyself.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**FORWARD.**—For every fear which we dare not confront, we lose a portion of our manliness; for every sorrow from which we turn, we forfeit a consolation.

**THE FALL.**—Horace Mann, on being asked if he believed in the fall of Adam, replied, "Yes, and not only in the *fall* of Adam, but in a perfect succession of *cataracts* from Adam all the way down."

**A DISCOVERY.**—A promising boy was reading the Bible very attentively, when his father came into the room and asked him what he had found that was so interesting. The boy, looking up eagerly, exclaimed:—"I have found a place in the Bible where they were all Methodists." "How so?" inquired the father. "Because 'all the people said Amen.'"

**MUCH IN A SMALL PLACE.**—A very celebrated Scotch divine says: "The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was and is supreme we know by the name of God."

**A MODEL PREACHER.**—A lady writing to her son at college, is represented as making the following statement:—"Dr. Mundy is giving a series of sermons on the different kinds of wood used in building Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting, and he has such a flow of beautiful words, and such wavy gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. The church is always full."

**THE SAVIOUR'S DENUNCIATIONS.**—A sceptic visited the late Rev. Dr. William E. Channing, and told him he could not reconcile the terrible denunciations in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew with the meekness and compassion of the Saviour. "Let me know," said the great preacher, "what it is in particular that troubles you;" and taking up the New Testament, he began to read the passages, with the sweet solemnity of his voice. He had not proceeded far before his critic said, "Ah! if the Saviour denounced in a tone like that, I have nothing more to say."

**NOT FITS AND STARTS.**—Christianity is not a thing of fits and starts, but a persistent power. It is not the electric element gathered into a jar, that sparkles on the Sabbath when touched by the word of the preacher; but like the electric element in the shape of gravitation, binding orbs into harmony, giving fertility to the poorest soul, and order, blossom, and beauty to all things. The sea-bird will soon scream where great capitals stand; and the hoarse voice of the raven will be heard where cathedrals and churches now are; but the soul—that which is really me—never dies; but lives in the brightness of glory or in the agony of misery for ever.

**PRAYER.**—It is not the place of prayer that God examines; nor is it the words that God primarily regards; it is not the form in any sense that avails; it is the intent and ardent desire breathed from the depths of the heart, into the ear of God, which God answers abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

**A HORRIBLE CREED.**—That one sin will damn the soul for ever! So-called Orthodoxy plainly affirms this. Is it not a horrible creed? A boy utters a lie, or steals a pin. It is his first offence. But his stern father shuts him up in his garret or cellar, and orders that he shall be confined there during the rest of his life! There is not a man upon earth who would not pronounce such conduct cruel and infamous. But multitudes believe that God would doom the boy to endless punishment for the same offence, and profess to see nothing in it that would be horrible or unjust. It would be barbarous in man, but infinite goodness in God!

**JUST LIKE GOD.**—Universal salvation too good to be true? Why, the bare suggestion calls to mind the answer of the old African woman to her teacher, who asked if she was not astonished at the goodness of God in giving his Son to save the world. "Why, no, massa," said she, "me no astonished, because it *be just like him*." And so we say that universal salvation is nothing to create astonishment, for it is just like him. It is just what we should naturally expect that He would do, whose work is perfect. It is just what we should anticipate that He would be *satisfied with and rejoice in* who has said: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

**GARIBALDI AND THE LOST LAMB.**—The General got up as soon as he had finished the bowl of milk, lighted a lantern, and without saying a word started off again to seek the missing lamb. We ran after him, following him over the crags and through the thorny brushwood—and from time to time, we heard the bleating of the deserted creature; but again the cry ceased, and the light of the lantern failed to show us where the poor little lamb lay. It was nine o'clock and raining, and we were very tired; so we once more returned to the house, and went to bed. About midnight we were roused by a voice: it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck, to keep it quiet, so that no one should know the kind act he had done. At five o'clock in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also. Not a word was said of the lamb, although everybody was thinking of it. How like the good Shepherd, seeking the lost!

All Letters, Post-Office Orders, &c., to be addressed to ROBERT SPEARS, 39, Stamford-street, London, S.

Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.